

ALEX. MCCLELLAN.

The Career of the Most Noted Duelist in the Gulf States.

Mrs. Clement C. Clay, a widow of the noted Alabama senator captured with Jeff Davis, was concerned with the most famous duelist the south ever produced in the person of Alexander McClellan. He was a native of Kentucky, who for many years was prominent in politics and society. He was an exquisite in dress and manners, a brilliant speaker and a writer of tremendous power, possessing the keenest wit and sarcasm. His attacks upon the Van Buren administration gave him a national celebrity.

He killed a great many men during his career. As an instance of his deadliness, for he always killed the man he fought, may be mentioned his duel with Gen. Allen, of Mississippi. He had heard that Allen had made some slighting remark about him. After Allen had accepted his challenge McClellan declared that he would shoot out the tongue that made the remark. The duel was fought at forty paces with rifles and he literally cut Allen's tongue out as he had threatened.

One instance exhibits his courage. One day he rode up to an inn in a little Mississippi town. While he was dismounting a notorious bully and desperado of that county, who had killed many men and was the terror of the region, was on the inside with his revolver cocked and a watch in his hand. He had ordered the room cleared in five minutes, and every man had gone, although they were all fighting men. When McClellan entered the bully faced him and, with an oath, informed him of the facts and that there were only three minutes left before he should kill whoever remained. McClellan, without moving a muscle or drawing a weapon, produced his watch, glanced at it and said:

"My name is Alexander McClellan. I give you ten seconds to get out of here or you are a dead man."

"By thunder, Colonel, one-half of that time will do!" and he was out in two seconds.

Later on in his career he was haunted by remorse. Man-killing had left its pains. His light was never out in his room at night, and men said he slept not. When the Mexican war broke out he told Rev. Peter Dohan, father of the now only Col. Pat, that he was weary with life; that he had never found anyone who could kill him, and he was going to battle to seek death on the field, as he did not want to commit suicide.

He entered the service as a volunteer, and from the first placed himself in the front point of danger, commanding attention for his absolute bravery. He was promoted again and again until he reached the head of a regiment, when he was shot through the body. Then he returned home, saying he couldn't be killed, and hazarded his fate in several duels thereafter. He grew more and more eccentric, and thought his opponents abused his confidence by not killing him. Then he met Mrs. Clay, a beautiful girl of her time.

She describes him as being the most fascinating man to women she ever met, possessing that serpentine power over women which historians and romancers attribute to Aaron Burr—the same power that mated Ould, of Virginia, had over men. McClellan proposed marriage to Mrs. Clay, but her friends objected on account of his excessive dueling propensities and the fear that she would be unhappy with him. She asked him to wait six months before replying, and during the interval did not care to meet him on account of his power over her. In the meanwhile she met Clement C. Clay, and was satisfied that he was her destiny. Shortly after the engagement was announced she got a note from McClellan asking for an interview.

Being afraid of his spell, and that he might kill her, she declined. It was only a few days later when McClellan rode into the then little pine town of Columbus, Miss. He was

shown to a room at the inn, the floor of which was irregular, like those of all such places. He poured water on the floor and observed which way the incline ran. Then dressing himself with the greatest care and exquisite neatness, he lay down with his head inclined with the floor. He placed one hand across his breast, and with the other the muzzle of his favorite dueling pistol at the base of the brain where death is instantaneous.

He was found there dead, without a stain of blood on his scrupulously clean, perfectly arrayed person, having realized his superstition at last—that finding no one else who could kill him, he became a *felo de se*.—Town Topics.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

This simple remedy will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles, where other remedies have failed.

The action of the noble wife of General Longstreet in relation to the proposed effort to raise a relief fund for her distinguished husband, whom the Atlanta Constitution, with mistaken zeal, represented as broken in health and badly straitened in circumstances, reveals a spirit which cannot be too highly commended. She hastens to assure the Constitution that the General is able to maintain himself and family with comfort upon the modest resources of which he is possessed. She begs that the movement for extending aid to him be discontinued, and that the money already contributed be returned to the subscribers. The manifestation of this kind of pride, which a lady of Mrs. Longstreet's excellent antecedents might well be expected to cherish, is in wholesome contrast to a disposition which is becoming too general, of accepting, at the hands of the public, benefactions which place the receivers in the attitude of pensioners upon the bounty of others. The American people are keenly alive to all just claims upon them in this direction, and there are cases which demand the exercise of popular benevolence. But the blessings of independence and the freedom from obligation are more dearly prized by truly noble souls than the allurements of wealth and ease, and Mrs. Longstreet has proved that there is still some of this spirit extant in the world.—K. C. Star.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia cured in 1 to 3 days for 75 cents by Deitchon's "Mystic Cure." Do not suffer and waste money on other remedies. This absolutely never fails. Sold by W. J. LANSBOW, Druggist, Butler, Mo. 5-6m.

Attorneys Must Furnish Stationery.

Decatur, Ill., January 25.—Judge Smith, in open court, to-day made a ruling that will attract the attention of all court officers and attorneys throughout the state, one which will save the counties many dollars. A local attorney, acting on the custom that has prevailed here for many years, had asked the clerk and sheriff for a sheet of blank paper on which to write out an affidavit for a continuance. There happened to be none on hand, whereupon the lawyer began to grumble and kick at Macon county because she could not afford to keep up a stock of supplies. The complaint was heard by Judge Smith, who immediately ruled that there was no law requiring the county to supply attorneys with stationery of any character. The county had no more right to do that than it had to furnish fuel to heat the offices of the lawyer or supply grocers with wrapping paper. The attorney who made the kick had to send out to a store for blank paper.

This ruling will reduce incidental expenses in Macon county considerably. Judge Smith will enforce the same rule in all counties in this judicial district. Lately the County Board refused to pay these extra bills, and the officers withheld the supplies.

Rheumatism Cured.

W. K. Powers, 2933 Thomas Street, St. Louis, Mo., states: Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me of Rheumatism of 4 years standing. I bless the day when I was induced to try it.

PORTLAND ALL EXCITED.

Drunkenness Even in the Schools—Prohibition Not a Success.

Portland, Me., Jan. 25.—The startling revelations of the Rev. Mr. Bayley in his prohibition sermon a week ago, have created great interest here, where for years efforts have been made to show that there is as little drunkenness as in any city in the country.

Bayley said that the records showed more drunkenness here than ever and gave plenty of instances and figures to confirm his allegations. The municipal authorities at once began to make an investigation and Mayor Chapman spent two or three days in gathering material to refute the charges.

Bayley also said that there was drunkenness in the primary and kindergarten schools and the authorities visited all of them, giving the results of their investigations to the newspapers. Leading temperance men wrote communications to the papers and T. C. Woodbury, a prominent advocate, said that after a long trial prohibition was a failure and that the people here had better be about something else than trying to make it successful.

Yesterday interest was renewed when the Portland police were called upon to remove Johnny McDonough, a 12-year-old boy from the Center-street primary school. He was so drunk that the teacher had to have him removed, and when he reached the station he sank into a deep rum sleep. On awakening he was stupefied and did not know what day it was. The previous night the Portland school committee had passed resolutions that there was no drunkenness in the public schools.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Stiffness, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by W. J. LANSBOW, Druggist, Butler, Mo. 5-1yr.

Senator Edmunds' Test.

Senator Edmunds was evidently out of sorts when the card was handed him. He glared at it in a don't-bother-me kind of a way that made the little page who brought it glad to escape from his presence. The square piece of paper which lay before the senator—for could scarcely be called a card—bore the name "Willis Howe." The letters were angular and awkwardly scrawled. It was apparently the work of a boy or half-grown lad.

The senator arose from his seat, and crossing the corridor entered the marble room, where his visitor awaited him. He found the latter in conversation with his committee clerk. "What does he want?" queried the senator, gruffly, and addressing the clerk.

"He wants some money to take him home. He says he lives in Vermont."

"What did you say your name was?" asked the senator, studying the characters on the card.

"Willis Howe," was the boy's reply.

"But how do I know that you live in Vermont? You might come from Texas, for all that I know."

"I can only assure you that I speak the truth, senator. I have no way of proving it. My home is in the village of—"

"Oh, it is, is it?" said the senator, grimly. "Well, I've visited in that place a number of times. I suppose you know everybody there, don't you?"

The boy replied that the people he didn't know were not worth knowing.

"Well, then," said the senator, "tell me the name of the fat old man who peddles milk about town?"

"He isn't fat and he isn't old," answered the youngster, doggedly. "His name is 'Skinny' Eccles."

The faintest sort of a smile lit up the Vermont senator's stern features. Turning to his clerk he said: "Give him the money. There's no doubting the boy's honesty," and then he added with a chuckle as he turned to re-enter the chamber, "Skinny Eccles! Well, well. I haven't thought of him before in a dozen years."—New York Herald.

RIDE'S RIDE.

He Takes a Trip From Lincoln on Another Man's Horse and Saddle.

William Schenewark of Lincoln, Benton county, arrived in the city from Mayview last night, having in custody Frank Ride, a boy 19 years old, whom he arrested Saturday night, at 10 o'clock, for horse stealing. Mr. Schenewark lives a few miles from Lincoln, and on the 3rd of January he went to that village, hitching his horse to a rack in one of the streets. When he had finished his business he started home, and discovered that his horse, an animal worth some \$140, was gone. He went home afoot, hoping to find that the horse had broken loose and preceded him. Not finding the animal, he became suspicious of foul play, and mounting another horse he went back to Lincoln. Learning that Ride had been seen to leave the village on horseback, and knowing he had no horse, the farmer struck out on his trail. At Dew Rock, on the Osage river, he found trace of the boy and followed him to Windsor, where he learned that Ride had traded Mr. Schenewark's horse to a colored man named Young, and Young had again traded with somebody else. Jim Bennett, the marshal of Windsor, found the stolen horse in a Clinton wagon yard. The thief was followed on to Warrensburg and was captured a few miles from Mayview, in an empty house. Mr. Schenewark had to run his man nearly half a mile before he captured him. On the way back to Mayview they were met by eighteen masked and armed men, who drew pistols on Mr. Schenewark and took his prisoner from him, with the avowed intention of hanging him to the limb of a tree by the roadside. They actually had a rope around Ride's neck and would soon have placed him on a wind platform, had not the Lincoln farmer pleaded for the life of his prisoner, giving assurance of his safe landing in jail and proper justice in the courts of Benton county.

The two came in on the Lexington branch road last evening. While coming down he confessed his guilt, and told Mr. Schenewark he had left the saddle with a farmer eighteen miles southeast of Warrensburg. He was taken to Lincoln on a raw guage train, where he will have a preliminary hearing before a justice of the peace.

Ride has been living for three or four months with his mother and eldest brother at Lincoln. The boys have a very clouded reputation, and are supposed to belong to gang of horse thieves plying up and down the Osage river. The mother and brother will be firmly requested to leave Lincoln.—Sedalia Bazoc.

The funeral of Major James S. Rollins took place at Columbia yesterday and was very largely attended.

ST. JACOBS OIL



RHEUMATISM.

The Case Stated.—January 17th, 1883. Messrs. George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote to the undersigned as follows: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody street, desires to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, as he has obtained benefits by using it, but he desires, especially to say that:

"Ours Robinson, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house in the summer of 1881 walking on crutches, his left leg being bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house, and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them, as he has been well since. St. Jacobs Oil cured him."

Corroborative and Conclusive Testimony.—Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.—Gentlemen: Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me, and informs me that the boy Grin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches, and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, the cure has remained permanent. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor; a case certainly which proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Dennis tells me also that he had rheumatism in his knee, tried many remedies, but of no use, and it cured the rheumatism permanently, as it has not troubled him for years.—Dr. Geo. C. Osgood M. D.

Summing Up.—By this showing St. Jacobs Oil cures the worst chronic and crippled cases; cures promptly; cures permanently; in this case without recurrences; pain in six years intervening since 1881.

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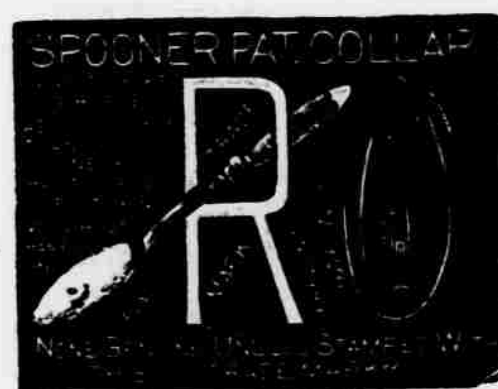
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RESPECTFULLY,

J. M. McKIBBEN.